

## NEW YORK JOURNAL

AND ADVERTISER.

W. R. HEARST.

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THE WEATHER—Cooler, with northerly winds.

## THE JOURNAL'S MOTTO:

While Others Talk, the Journal Acts.

CHARLES  
ANDERSON  
DANA.

Charles A. Dana, the editor of the Sun, who died yesterday, was a man of whose intellectual qualities it would be impossible to speak in too eulogistic terms. He was a man of the broadest and most exact knowledge who was nevertheless not a pedant; a man who was at once a consummate master and a keen critic of literary style without being a mere stylist; he was a journalist without being superficial, a man of letters who was in no sense a scholar.

Mr. Dana's life was long, active and stormy. His character, admirable in many respects, affords one of the most interesting examples of the curious way in which mental development may proceed which could engage the attention of the psychologist. That the editor of the Sun in 1897 could be the same man who in youth toiled and theorized with the dreamers of Brook Farm, and tramped through Pennsylvania preaching the doctrines of socialism, is almost incredible. That the Dana of 1896 was the man who forty years earlier preached the doctrine of free banking and wildcat money over the long-time observer of his career could believe. Men's minds change with gathering years and added experience. That the septuagenarian abandons the beliefs of his enthusiasm and unselfish youth is perhaps the rule. Certainly, Mr. Dana more than most men trod rapidly the path from extreme radicalism to exaggerated conservatism.

Mingling always in the fiercest strife of politics, ready always to antagonize the friend of yesterday and to join the enemy of the day before, if in his opinion the issues demanded such a seeming change of front, Mr. Dana provoked criticism which was often bitter. A good fighter, he was hard fought; a consistent hater, he did not escape hatred. But those who fought and who criticized and who hated never for a minute questioned his brilliancy of intellect, his mastery of style or his effectiveness in combat.

Charles A. Dana was a brilliant journalist. He was one of the last of the old-time "great editors"—a type which seems passing in journalism. Perhaps he would be the last man to wish to be spared just, if hostile, criticism after his death, and yet, hard as has been the fight he has waged, it is doubtful whether even his enemies will remember their grievances against him when they reflect how great and vigorous was the intellect which death has thus obliterated.

A part of the scheme for separate municipal elections ought to be a separate ballot for candidates for municipal offices. The multiplicity of ballots under the former law was a terrible nuisance, but two ballots would not be troublesome, one for strictly local offices and one for all the rest.

Under the present law candidates for State, judicial, legislative and municipal offices are all on one ticket, and a local organization has to nominate for them all or have an incomplete column on the ballot, which puts it at a disadvantage.

Ballot reform is not complete yet. The next step should be to get a separation of local and general ballots, inasmuch as the separation of elections is not absolutely complete.

Another big charge of dynamite was set off on Saturday night in the face of the most picturesque part of the Palisades, tearing an ugly gash and hurling down tons of rock for the crushers. A still bigger blast is in preparation, and so the work of destruction goes on, that one of the grandest embellishments of American scenery may be converted into material for macadamized road and foundation for asphalt pavements.

The United States Government views the havoc with indifference, and State commissions seem impotent to stop it. It does not come closely enough home to the daily lives of the people to arouse them to a proper indignation, and the vandals have no sentiment to check their eagerness for the cheapest way of getting barge loads of broken stone to market.

Is this thing to be allowed to go on until the western shore of the lower Hudson is reduced to a vast quarry, and the glories of the American Rhine become an unsightly heap of ruin?

If in the stress of assault by office seekers and in the labor of aiding Congress to frame a tariff law the President of the United States has not had opportunity adequately to study the important litigation in which the Government has vital interest, the time has now come for him to give due attention to the proceedings for the sale of the property of the Union Pacific Railroad under decree of foreclosure. The sale is about to occur. The prediction is justified by the facts now before the world that a syndicate of financiers has an unjust advantage over other bidders, and will attempt to employ this advantage as to bid in this valuable property at a price that will cause to the Government a loss of twenty-five million dollars of the money due to it from the corporation.

The Administration has means to delay this sale. The head of the Department of Justice, Attorney-General Joseph McKenna, seems in no mood to use this means. The President may properly direct him to take the action necessary to postpone the sale. The principal purpose of delay is to give Congress an opportunity to frame legislation to prevent loss to the Government. The Senate had this matter

under consideration when Congress adjourned. If no stronger motive obtains, courtesy from the executive department to the legislative department suggests that the President should give Congress opportunity to give its direction upon the manner of collecting the debt and of disposing of the property of a defaulting debtor.

There are stronger reasons, among them the dictation of the law of 1887; but if they are unconsidered, as they seem to be, the appeal is made on the ground of high official etiquette. Can it be that the President has passed over the warning of Senator Morgan: "When Mr. McKinley consents to become the administrator . . . of this transaction . . . he will commit himself to a scheme that will wreck any man that ever lived in this world."

Mr. President, time is up. The auction bell is ringing.

THE PEOPLE'S  
WELCOME TO  
EVANGELINA  
CISNEROS.

The greatest gathering New York has seen since the close of the war assembled in Madison Square to do honor to Evangelina Cisneros and the Journal correspondent who rescued her from her martyrdom.

Such an outpouring of the people to testify their sympathy for the cause for which she suffered is an evidence of the feeling of the American public on the Cuban question that should impress itself on our Government, which should be more responsive to its people's will than any government on earth.

It was characteristic of the big-hearted and liberty-loving Henry George that he should appear at this meeting to speak his words of applause for the endeavors which led to the rescue of this girl from a Cuban jail.

The cheers and speeches at Madison Square are an answer to the often-repeated assertions of Spain's spokesmen that American sympathy with Cuba has not gone beyond the clamor of newspapers and the words of jingo politicians. Every class of people was represented in the demonstrations on Saturday night. In the roar of cheers for Cuba the voices of statesmen, citizens conservative on ordinary subjects, society women, shop girls, workmen mingled. Every element was there. It was a truly typical assemblage. America spoke at this welcome to the beautiful, brave little woman who endured so much at the hands of Cuba's oppressors.

The whole nation is chafing at being restrained from extending succor to the struggling nation that has made so gallant a fight against the superior numbers and relentless methods of Spain. The country has been patient with the slow methods of diplomacy. The last Administration is discredited from ocean to ocean for its un-American espousal of the Spanish side. Will President McKinley risk a similar feeling? He was elected on a platform pledging him to end this shameful war. Is he redeeming his promise?

The United States revenue service and the navy are still at Spain's disposal to hinder the Cubans' expeditions; the actual Government of Cuba, though it has maintained itself against Spanish arms for two years, is still without official standing at Washington.

The function of the Government may be to guide the people, but one great fact that should not be lost sight of is that it was elected to carry out the wishes of the majority of the citizens of the United States. The people have declared their will; now let the President act.

A TRIUMPH  
AND  
A DEATH.

Langtry, the husband of the Jersey Lily, died in an English madhouse yesterday. While he was struggling in a strait-jacket she was enjoying a recrudescence of popularity. Again she had been admitted to the exclusive Jockey Club enclosure at the Newmarket race course; her horse had won the Cesarewitch Stakes and a fortune in bets; she was once more in favor with the Prince of Wales, and as a natural consequence dukes, lords and commoners vied in paying her attention.

The story of the Langtry began like one of the English novels of twenty years ago. The beautiful daughter of a Jersey clergyman, wedded to a devoted young husband, and tempted from him by the glitter of gold and of titles, gives a start to a romance the literary end of which should have been a broken-hearted woman in black creeping to the old place to get one last sight of the old home she had given up, before dying of consumption and remorse, or at least some East Lynne situation of the sort. The wronged husband, married again and happy, should have pronounced a few words of forgiveness before her dying gasp ended the book. Mark the difference between the ideal and the real; Langtry dead in a madhouse, the woman who wronged him a millionaire, as beautiful as ever, and free by his death to marry a prince.

Langtry was a decent enough citizen before his wife gained her evil fame. That he died despised as well as poor and mad adds to the pathos of the wreck. The action of the Prince of Wales in giving her social prominence again, contrary to his usual custom with discarded favorites, makes it seem very probable that she is to be rehabilitated in the esteem of titled England, and that Lily Langtry will disappear in the Princess Esterhazy; and when she is the wife of one of the richest, bluest-blooded nobles of Europe it is to be hoped nobody will remember the poor wretch whose death in the Chester asylum yesterday was due to her.

Those Utah Republicans who protest because an Indiana man has been appointed to a lucrative Federal office at Salt Lake evidently forget how much hard work was involved in last year's contract for delivering the Indiana delegation to Mark Hanna.

The Kaiser is disposed to make some concession to public opinion on the question of the naval septennate. If the Kaiser once gets started on the work of yielding to public sentiment he will ascertain that his opportunities in that line are unlimited.

Senator Gorman's political enemies persist in seeing a mere political trick in his offer to retire in the interest of Democratic harmony. Senator Gorman's opponents appear to exist by discovering ulterior motives in everything that happens.

It is believed that Hon. Paddy Gleason will be able to withstand all temptations to withdraw.

Hon. Charles W. Dayton may not be the next Comptroller, but is able to point out some excellent reasons

why a distinguished disturbing force might benefit the party he professes to admire by taking another sea voyage.

The gentlemen who are engaged in the task of reforming Cincinnati are unable to agree over the distribution of the offices involved in the work. This is becoming a chronic complaint with the reform element.

On February 10, 1896, General Weyler said he would crush the Cuban rebellion in four months. Weyler is an overdue person, but he has managed to squeeze considerable out of it for Weyler.

There is a great opportunity for the friends of temperance to discover that that Cincinnati theatre was rendered unsafe by the wear and tear caused by the constant going out between acts.

General Miles was so unfortunate as to return to the country just at a time when it is interested in politics and more important things than his opinions of his Summer outing.

If the up State leaders desire only the official head of Mr. Quigg as their price for loyalty to the municipal nominations they are letting Mr. Platt off dirt cheap.

An Iowa Republican has been appointed Reciprocity Commissioner. Is the Administration trying to steal the thunder of the late James G. Blaine?

Mayor Strong readily admits that he is a failure as an orator. The trouble with the Mayor's admissions is that they don't cover enough ground.

Hon. James O'Brien has retired from politics in disgust. He will have more or less distinguished company when the ballots are counted.

It is very easy for the average politician to be loyal to a machine as long as it enables him to enjoy a salary attachment.

## Ideas from a Distance.

## The Main Issue.

The main issue involved in the Greater New York campaign grows clearer every day. It is not the gold standard nor the free and unlimited coinage of silver, nor government by injunction, nor any one of the other important matters which belong properly to the national arena. It is "boss rule." It is as distinct and as definite as the sunlight upon a clear June or October day.—New Haven Register.

Van Wyck Washington County's Favorite. The Democrats of Washington County are taking a deep interest in the Mayoralty contest in Greater New York. They are watching the developments from day to day with even as much interest as the election of State officers. Van Wyck is recognized as the true standard bearer of the party, and we doubt if there is a single Democrat in the whole county who would not rejoice in his election.—Whitehall Times.

Federal Interference Hurts Republican Party. The mischief has been done and the party must suffer. Federal interference has been ever a dangerous subject since the Folger campaign. As it stands now, low is just where he was and Senator Platt has trapped the Administration into such an endorsement of his course as McKinley never yet has permitted. If Platt defeats Low he will be able to justify his course by the claim that McKinley and the Administration were behind him.—Providence Bulletin.

## Unselfishness in Politics.

There is a self-abnegation about the Henry George branch of the New York municipal campaign that is beautiful to witness. Both Mr. George and his principal conductor, Mr. Dayton, protest that they do not care to be elected, if only they can defeat the Tammany ticket and promote the cause of the people. Boss Platt's man, Tracy, is not making any such remarks, and it is well understood that he and his sponsor are the men who will be responsible for Tammany's success if the Tammany ticket is elected.—Philadelphia Ledger.

## George and Low.

If the Chicago platform be accepted as the expression of the Democracy, then Henry George and not Tammany is in the true line of descent as judged by political doctrine. This will probably narrow the fight down practically between George and Low, both machines having received a black eye from the people, and this is fortunate for Greater New York.—St. Joseph News.

## No More Republican Presidents.

The New York Mayoralty election, in fact, is rapidly taking on the shape of a contest between Republicans for the Presidential nomination of that party in 1900. Foraker and Thurston have been sent into New York to take a hand in the affair, and the latter, in his speech in Brooklyn, declared squarely, "There will be no more Republican Presidents of the United States unless you elect Benjamin F. Tracy first Mayor of Greater New York." Tracy probably will not be elected, and there may be no more Republican Presidents of the United States; but McKinley's frank alliance with Platt indicates that he means to be the next Republican nominee.—Boston Post.

## Tammany's Faint Heart.

In nominating Van Wyck for Mayor, Tammany has at last a respectable name to head its ticket, but the Judge should be of no avail to help Tammany, for though respectable, he is backed by no vitalizing issue to inspire any enthusiasm for him or his ticket.—Denver Post.

## Tammany and Democracy.

The effort to present Van Wyck as an irregular candidate, the false statements to the effect that the forces of Tammany are growing smaller, and all the rumors and canards that appear in the New York papers of Manhattan are to be traced to one source and to one cause. That source is the element which is anxious to secure the election of a Republican for the effect it may have on the rest of the country; the cause is that Republicans, mugwumps, gold men and the whole anti-Democratic gang know that there is only one candidate they have to fear, namely, the Tammany, candidate, who represents the Democratic party.—Atlanta Constitution.

## Weyler is the Fierce Best.

Perhaps Captain General Ramon Blanco will pose as that fierce best who lights upon a throne.—Augusta Herald.

## The First of All Cartoonists.

The artist whose drawings are to be seen almost daily in the Journal, with the signature "Davenport" appended, is undoubtedly the leader of them all.—Passaic News.

## An Absence that Looms.

After a careful survey of the situation it occurs to an unbiased observer that about the most conspicuous thing in the New York campaign is the absence of David R. Hill.—Chicago Record.

## Wales Not an Ice Cutter.

Richard Croker undoubtedly is on very friendly terms with the Prince of Wales, but the Prince of Wales doesn't cut much ice just at this time in the Irish wars of Tammanyville. Mr. Croker may have noticed it.—Chicago Times-Herald.

## Two Hundred Workers for Tammany.

To the Editor of the Journal: We, with our foreman, W. W., in the lead—we are all Van Wyck supporters. Tammany never goes back on the workmen. Van Wyck is the man who can be safely trusted to govern Greater New York.

## Accuracy of the Journal's News.

The New York Journal's estimate that the strength of Seth Low before the New York City Convention would be about one-third, was not far from right; and it remained so until the end.—Zanesville Recorder.

TRUE FRIENDS OF MISS CISNEROS. Stephen Crane's  
Journal Readers Praise Her Rescue  
and Pledge Their Protection.

## Praise from Alabama's Governor.

State of Alabama, Governor's Office.  
Oct. 13, 1897.

To the Editor of the Journal:

The rescue of Miss Cisneros by the Journal is the boldest and most audacious act ever perpetrated by a private citizen of our country against a foreign power. The Journal has tried, acquitted and delivered a helpless and innocent woman, surrounded by armed foes, in a foreign country. That its action is approved, its fearlessness applauded, and its conduct justified is proven by the fact that the men of the United States would go to war rather than see this young woman surrendered to Spain, even if international law should demand that course. This one act of the Journal shows an enterprise, a courage, and a disregard of cost and consequences in the pursuit of justice unparalleled in all newspaper experience.

JOS. F. JOHNSTON, Governor.

## Three-Score and Ten Would Fight.

Whitehall, N. Y., Oct. 14.

To the Editor of the Journal:

Dear Sir: No words of praise are strong enough to thank you for the incomparable rescue of Miss Cisneros and the gallant men who risked their lives to execute it. Now, if the world wants to know the stuff Americans are made of, just let Spain demand her return and she will be answered by a thunderous NO from forty millions of American men and women. I am past "three-score and ten," but this brilliant rescue makes my old blood run warm again.

D. C. GILLESPIE.

## Ready To Shoulder Arms.

Cleveland, Oct. 15, 1897.

To the Editor of the Journal:

Allow a constant reader and admirer of the Journal to offer his heartiest congratulations for the heroic and chivalrous deed which it accomplished. I think the citizens of the United States will say: "Keep Miss Cisneros in spite of any demands made by Spain," and shoulder arms if it becomes necessary. I am sure that every liberty-loving citizen who has read the full particulars of her incarceration will applaud and stand ready to do his part toward keeping her with us. Hurrah for the New York Journal, the greatest of all newspapers! Sincerely,

FREDERICK BRIDGE.

## A New Interest in Cuba.

Punxsutawney, Pa., Oct. 13.

To the Editor of the Journal:

I wish to congratulate you on your successful liberation of Miss Cisneros. The thrilling story of her rescue has drawn a new interest to the sufferings of the Cuban patriots and awakened the hope that the United States Government will do for the "Gem of the Antilles" what you have done for one of her fair daughters. Yours very truly,

HERBERT W. WOLCOTT.

## Florida is Enthusiastic.

Tampa, Oct. 13, 1897.

To the Editor of the Journal:

Dear Sir: I cannot find words to express to you my immense gratitude for your noble act in the rescue of Miss Evangelina Cosio Cisneros. Men like you deserve the admiration of the whole world, and the community to which you belong must be proud of having such a man as you. I, as an American by adoption, feel rejoiced at your great and noble action, and as a Cuban consider myself indebted to you forever. Sincerely yours,

FRANCISCO VELASCO.

## Pennsylvania is Pleased.

Pittsburg, Penn., Oct. 14, 1897.

To the Editor of the Journal:

Dear Sir: On behalf of Journal readers of Allegheny County and liberty-loving people generally, allow me to congratulate all concerned in the noble rescue of Miss Cisneros. At I write the streets resound with the shouts of the Journal newsmen whose papers are eagerly sought. Politics and other perfunctory discussions of the day will be lost sight of while we pause to honor the beautiful heroine under your auspices. Yours respectfully,

GEORGE G. BURNS.

## Old Virginia Applauds.

East Radford, Va., Oct. 14.

To the Editor of the Journal:

Dear Sir: The chivalrous men and the noble women of Virginia applaud the Journal for the release of innocence from a prison of fallen womanhood. The act of no proprietor of any Northern paper has met with such unbounded approval and admiration in the South since Horace Greeley became the bondsman of Jefferson Davis. Thanks to the humanity of the Journal and the brave heroes, its agents, she is safe from Spanish inquisitorial barbarities. Yours respectfully,

GEORGE E. CASSEL.

Judge of the Radford City Hustings Court.

## A Cheer from the Old Bay State.

Lowell, Mass., Oct. 13, 1897.

To the Editor of the Journal:

Dear Sir: Every honorable man and woman in this country blesses you for your noble deed. "Charles Duval" is a hero. Ivanhoe is not in it with Duval. God's blessing be with you all. I have prayed and sworn—some tears—for that poor girl, and now the laugh is on Weyler. You are pre-eminently the King of Journalists in this world, may you carry your laurels to the next. Yours very truly,

L. B. KNOWLES.

## A Heroic Triumph.

(From the Pittsburg Leader.)

Unquestionably, this is the most extraordinary feat of journalistic enterprise that has ever been attempted and successfully carried through. It is a heroic triumph, and the record of it will be a perpetual tribute to the incomparable grit, genius and energy of journalism in America.

## Sensational Like the Emancipation Proclamation.

(From the Buffalo News.)

Give the Journal credit. The liberation of this beautiful girl was sensationally done, and so was the signing of the Emancipation Proclamation by Abraham Lincoln when he gave a million poor slaves their freedom. The only thing to regret is that the heroic Duval did not steal Weyler as well. But probably he will go back after him.

## Thanks from a Whole Family.

Bristol, R. I., Oct. 14.

To the Editor of the Journal:

Dear Sir: I thank and commend you in your brave and timely rescue of innocence and purity. The daring and well executed escape of Miss Cisneros is worthy the thanks and praise of all humane persons in the world. I am for justice and right, victory or death! In appreciation of the great service you have rendered humanity and civilization, I here again tender you my thanks, in which my family heartily unite.

A. E. H. WALKER.

## Congratulations from New Jersey.

Arlington, N. J., Oct. 14.

To the Editor of the Journal:

Dear Sir: Allow me to extend my congratulations to you in all the noble undertaking for the welfare of Miss Cisneros. I cannot express myself in words that credit you deserve, and say if everybody was like the Journal this war would now be a memory of the past. I have the greatest admiration for you and the pluck displayed in so daring an attempt. Our American boys will teach that Spanish Queen and her Cabinet that we take no nonsense, and that we, as a nation, have some humanity in us and can teach them a thing or so. Respectfully,

MRS. W. W. DASHIELL.

## An Army of Seventy Millions.

Jacksonville, Fla., Oct. 13, 1897.

To the Editor of the Journal:

Dear Sir: In ordinary times the United States could, in case of war, command an army, if needed, consisting of all its male citizens between certain prescribed ages, but in case of war with Spain, brought on by reason of Miss Cisneros's escape through aid of the gallant Journal, the army of the United States would number nearly seventy millions. The only non-combatants would be babies in arms and J. G. Carlisle. All honor to the New York Journal.

A NORMAL MAN.

## He Wants the Journal for Life.

New York, Oct. 12.

To the Editor of the Journal:

Dear Sir: I wish to take your paper for life. It has accomplished the champion act of all papers in the rescue of Evangelina Cisneros.

CALVIN WILLIAMS.

ONE by one, passengers in heavy rain coats came on deck and turned their eyes toward the dripping coast line of Ireland. In the thick rain mist to the west gaunt capes were slopingly lifting their heads from the sea, and on these headlands were sometimes little buildings, implacably severe and grim, which denoted that a government had built them. Afterward a red buoy that appeared to be swimming against the tide shone amid the dim streets of a town on the hillside. The form of a .31. S. Howe was that against some long sheds at the water's edge. The buoy which had challenged towers and steeples rapidly subsided to its usual meek size.

Queenstown, tilted sharply toward the bay, disclosed herself through clouds of rain. In the meantime, on the bridge of the packet, a very wet man with much gold lace on his cuffs was pacing spiritingly to and fro, turning often with headlong violence, as if he had suddenly recalled something exciting and important at the other end.

The packet began to wind through the channel of the river Lee. This is a wide avenue to Cork. Broad on both sides with mansions and lawns. The rain made the strangely plain outlines of these houses all the more dismaying, but as a prelude to Cork a passenger of the heroic band drenching on the forward deck of the steamer talked with all the gentle evasions and sidings of the true brogue. Then a dismal water front, attended by dismal ships, appeared through the storm. It was a dreary Ireland, with its eaves turned down sheets of rain and its gutters turning into turbulent gray streams. There was a solitary illumination. A janitor, a driver, miraculously tied up in a rubber blanket, stood on the deck making signs to the approaching boat. His enterprise would not allow him to merely compete for fares with his fellow drivers at the shore end of the prospective gangplank. He desired to conduct all negotiations across the dwindling stretch of water.

In his wish to gain and keep the attention of the passengers he was led to make most extraordinary gestures. The decorous lift of the London cabby's finger, which portrays a fear that if he is too abrupt he may puncture the sky, is not related in any way to these gyrations. In comparison, the ambitious Celt was displaying the mad passion of a barbaric dance. Nevertheless, his movements were all comic. He did not evince any intention; he was simply and ineradicably comic. The very crying of his arm was enough for a smile. It could not be said that he was a type of the particular locality. The other waiting drivers were all merely men who were getting soaked with rain in the attempt to earn some shillings. One of them even came and smote his gesturing brother with the heavy end of a whip. This disapprobation, however, could not suppress true genius, and in the subsequent exhibition of discomfiture and pain he was still comic. The splendor of it lay in the fact that there was no aspiration. He was as natural as the sun or a tree.

Cork was weeping like a widow. The rain would have gone through any topcoat but a sentry box. The passengers looked like specimens of a new kind of sponge as they separated to gloomy ways. From the dock to a railway station and thence to a hotel in Queenstown, the path of the traveler was lined with men not schooled merely in formulae; car drivers, porters and guards who could apparently rise beyond a law and understand a joke, a poem or even an idiosyncrasy. The difference from England did not here exist in a conformation nor yet in the color of the turf. It existed in the gleam of a man's eye.

From her high terraces Queenstown stares always at the coming and the going of great ships. She is eminently contemplative. Her business is to witness. To the mind the place is as strategic as a tower. Here one can almost hear the voices of the Western world and see the other millions. And the inhabitants seem to get from the fact a strange, brooding vision, a kind of emotion of vision, as if from their hills they could comprehend the gestures of a man in Denver. Because they are Irish and because of this planned position they assimilate like lightning. Upon the appearance of a stranger they have a little accurate opinion which is a perfect bit of machinery, and the stranger does not have to explain himself if he wants something which is not usual. From their tower the Queenstown citizen sees patterns and kinds of men, and it is a good thing. He never says "It is not customary." He does not at once flee to this loft and pull the ladder of speech up after him. He is capable of making excursions into the domain of another man's habits. In short, he is a citizen of the world, a philosopher, an intelligence.

Jerry is in Queenstown, and Queenstown is in Jerry. His jaunty car, with "tates for fure," is not very new, but his laugh is new. It is a free, bold, generous laugh, poured in brandy, a memory of those red-headed secondaries whose laughter rang against the low eaves in the castle keeps, while cup followed cup and clouds of attendants galloped into the room with more drink. He is of that time, and he is not at all of that time. He is of it in his appearance of straight-on face-to-face courage of speech. He is a swashbuckler, a bearer of lions through force of habit. Then suddenly he is of the time of the elder prophets, when it is said there were some men who lived their lives to pity the others—no less. Many ramifications of human tenderness run through this little Irishman. He knows the byroads of sympathy, how to pity him who is unfortunate in some unusual manner. Then immediately there comes upon all this antiquity the shadow of man's ordinary vanities, accentuated by a number of well-worn jokes which Jerry feels that the traveler demands of him. It is modern; he is akin to the steam engine, the telephone, the electric lamp. In fact, his agile mind is a real type of the country; it moves with the rapidity of light from the past to the future, here, there and everywhere. It is the type that can in the single breath imagine a radiant idol out of a power mug and subvert ten shillings from a half crown. When it falls, it falls because it has eyes at the back and at the sides of its head, and thus merges twenty scenes in a confusing one. It would attempt forty games of chess at one time and play them all passably well.

The rain disclosed the bay at last, and from the hill one could look down upon the broad deck of the Howe. Against the electric-colored waters shone the white pennant of the English navy, emblem of the man who can play one game at a time.

STEPHEN CRANE.